SALLIE'S BOY.

BY JESSIE M. E. SAXBY,

Author of "Dora Coyne," "Lindeman Brothers," etc.

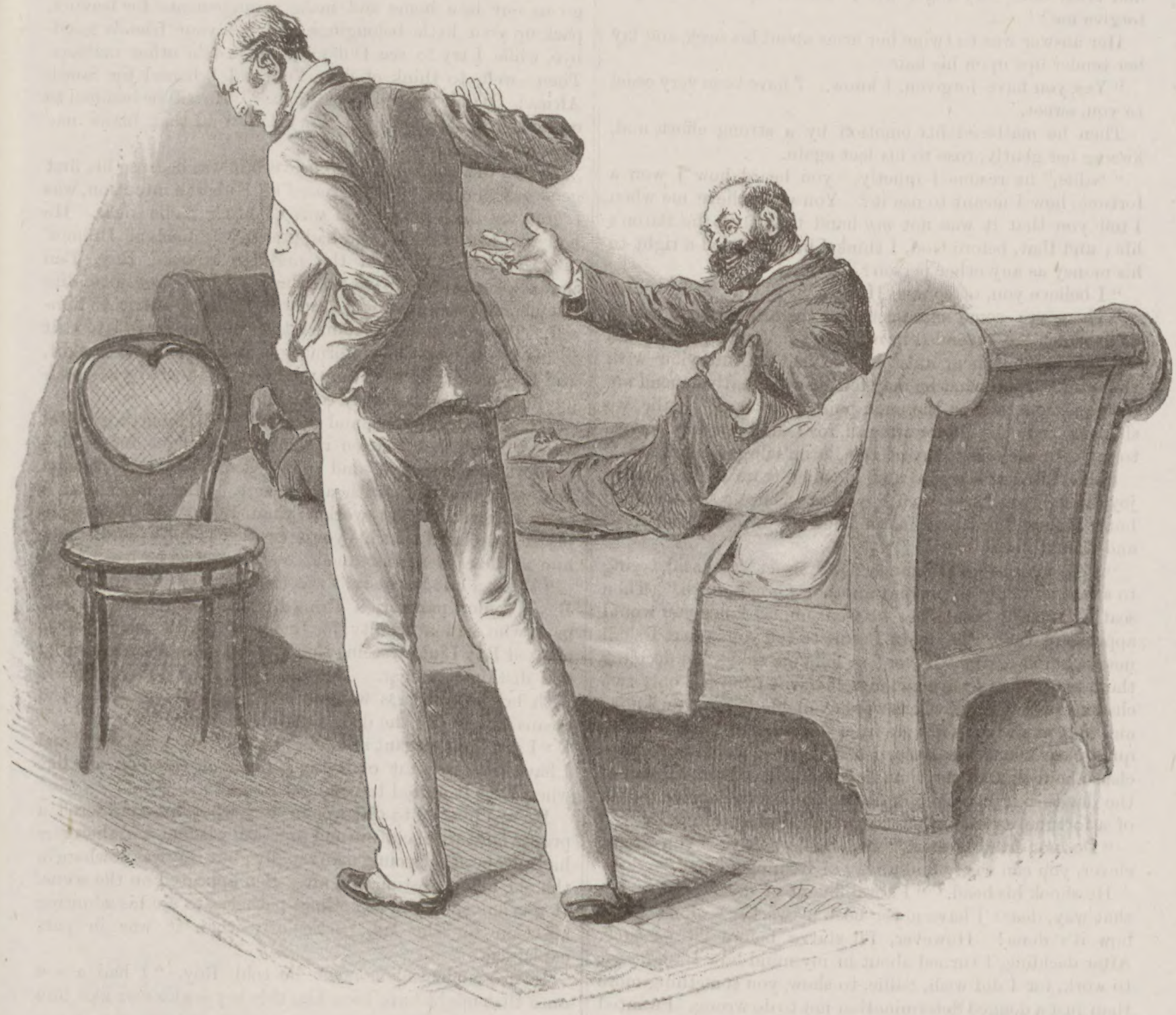
CHAPTER XV.

"THE SHADOW WAITING WITH THE KEYS."

A FORTNIGHT of inaction followed that meeting between husband and wife. It was a time of rest and hope to Sallie, for (though the Squire had not divulged the chief portions of that woeful tragedy, and she felt he had been much to blame) she saw that there had come a marked change in him, and she was willing to leave the sequel to that Higher Power whose influence he had begun to obey.

Their minds were set at rest in part regarding M. Dubourg, for the papers reported him convalescent. Anxiety was also removed concerning the Baron's violent death. The accidental murder of an adventurer under such circumstances, and in that neighbourhood, was too common an event to create more than a momentary sensation. No friends or relatives had stirred themselves to investigate the affair, or avenge him; consequently the authorities were lukewarm about it, and the whole matter quickly passed from the public mind.

Hubert made no direct allusion to the horrible incident, nor did he speak of his future plans, but Sallie gathered from all his



"Ten thousand thanks, my friend."

conversation that his mind was never away from these points, and she waited in prayerful patience for whatever might come.

At last she was rewarded.

"Sweet," he said one morning, "you've been very good and patient. I haven't cared to talk of our plans till I felt sure of myself, but I have not been careless of your feelings, darling, while delaying to tell you what I purpose. It's been a fight internally, to come to a decision, but I've made up my mind *now*; and I think you will approve in part."

Sallie's face blanched, and her heart seemed to stand still, so overwhelming was the knowledge that his next words would decide all. She knew his character well, and felt that whatever decision he had arrived at, to *it* he would stick under every possibility.

Hubert saw the pain of suspense, fear, hope depicted on her countenance, and his whole soul was melted as that look of hers revealed how much she had suffered, how much she still dreaded. He suddenly dropped on his knees beside her chair, and cried out, "My angel wife! Sallie, my love, can you forgive me?"

Her answer was to twine her arms about his neck, and lay her tender lips upon his hair.

"Yes, you have forgiven, I know. I have been very cruel to you, sweet."

Then he mastered his emotion by a strong effort, and, kissing her gently, rose to his feet again.

"Sallie," he resumed quietly, "you heard how I won a fortune, how I meant to use it? You will believe me when I tell you that it was not *my* hand that took the Baron's life; and that, before God, I think I have as good a right to his money as any other person?"

"I believe you, of course, Hubert."

"There are some circumstances regarding that whole affair which are shrouded in mystery even to me, and I shall not understand them until I have had an interview with Dubourg. Upon what he may tell me will greatly depend my future action; but on the main point I am fixed. Sallie, we shall not go to the Manor after all, for I shall not appropriate to my own use one penny of the Baron's ill-gotten gains."

Sallie lifted a face glad and glowing, tears in her eyes, a joyous smile on her parted lips from whence came no word but "Hubert," breathed in tones of the utmost tenderness and thankfulness.

"Your face is like the sun in April, sweet!" he said, trying to speak playfully to prevent another "break-down." Then seating himself beside her he went on, "I knew you would approve of that. The next I want to tell you is that I shall never gamble again. Never! so help me God! In deciding these two points I have cut myself adrift from the only two chances of a 'living,' which were available to me, you know, and *that* was what kept me from deciding at once. I was quiet clear about the *wrong* I had done—I would have been clear about that all the time if I had believed you instead of the devil—but it seemed a desperate case to deprive myself of a fortune, as well as my only method of earning a living."

"Do not fear, Hubert," said Sallie softly; "you are so clever, you can easily find a way of earning money."

He shook his head. "I am diffident of my own powers in that way, dear; I have never been a 'worker'—don't know how it's done! However, I'll starve before I'll *go back*. After deciding, I turned about in my mind how I might set to work, for I did wish, Sallie, to show you something more than just a dogged determination not to do wrong. I wanted you to see me in the novel position of doing active, good service! My first step was a piece of great extravagance. I telegraphed to Roy asking if he could find me employment, and his reply has arrived—just like him. Just like my Sallie's brother."

He took a telegram from his pocket, and in somewhat husky tones read, "Yes, come and bring Sal with you. Draw on me for travelling and other expenses."

"Thank God," Sallie whispered, and her head fell forward, while a shower of tears relieved her heart, so long inured to sorrow, so little able to bear excess of joy.

"You are not afraid to begin over again with me?" Hubert asked.

"Oh, no," was the instant answer; "I am not afraid! nay, I am more confident now than at the first."

"Then it only remains for us to settle up a few small matters, see Dubourg, and arrange how to bestow the Baron's money."

"Wouldn't the best way be to give it to M. Dubourg, to replace what he lost?" Sallie asked, and Hubert replied,

"I thought of that, but must have a talk with him first. I must find out what Smithers did. Perhaps, dear, you could go to our late home and make arrangements for leaving, pack up your little belongings, and bid your friends good-bye, while I try to see Dubourg, and settle other matters. Then—well, to think of it. You and I bound for South Africa! Won't your 'Baby' rejoice? He will be inclined to quote the Scottish saying, 'It's an ill wind that blaws nae man gude!'"

If Ben did not borrow the proverb it was because his first generous thought, when he heard of Hubert's intention, was regret for the cause which was to bring Sallie near. He had seen her so lately, and had guessed so much of Holmes' mode of life that when the message reached Roy, Ben jumped to the conclusion that the Squire had got into dire trouble, and was making a desperate effort to extricate himself. The brothers took counsel together, for Ben's late visit to his sister made his information and opinion of weight, and Roy concluded that they might save Hubert by responding instantly and cordially to his inquiry.

When that was done, and they received Hubert's grateful assent, Ben's imagination ran riot over plans for Sallie's comfort and pleasure, and over schemes for their future. His work was done with added zest. There never was a more earnest, diligent worker than Ben; and Roy, well-pleased, declared that his young brother would soon distance him in the race for fortune if he went on as he had begun.

"What a fine lad he is!" was the repeated exclamation of Roy's senior partner, a shrewd, somewhat eccentric old man, who had a faculty for coining wealth which often amazed Roy Linton, seeing that the old man was uneducated and distinctly vulgar. But his genius for doing business with brilliant success was undoubted, and had been the means of opening the door to fortune for Roy.

"I got little elegant schooling myself," he would say, "and I have felt the want of it; so I put high value on the like when I see it united to common sense."

He was pleased to discover in Roy what he considered a proper mixture of culture and practical wisdom, and therefore had advanced the young man rapidly; but Roy was nowhere in the old fellow's estimation after Ben appeared on the scene. It was amusing, and sometimes pathetic, to see his admiring affection for the lad, particularly when it was in part explained.

In a confidential moment he told Roy, "I had a son once that might have been like this boy—who *was* like him at one time."

That was all he said, but the frown which gathered upon

his face told that there had been bitter pain connected with that son's fate, and Roy did not venture to ask questions; but he said to his young brother, "I hope you will try and return my chief's demonstrations as much as possible, for I see he takes a kind of comfort from your society that he will receive from no one else."

"It is very curious," said Ben, "how interested Mr. Walker is in all my affairs, and in my thoughts even. He quite startles me sometimes by the way he asks questions on a subject quite away from that which we may be occupied with. Just this morning I was submitting to him some papers sent from Messrs. Rowland and Son about that consignment of ostrich feathers, and what do you think the old gentleman said, looking solemnly up from the bill in his hand! 'Yes, yes, my boy, that seems quite satisfactory, and —do you read your Bible every day? I was so astonished I could hardly reply."

Both laughed heartily, and then Ben went on—"One day I was adding up an account before him, when he said, 'Just so, four hundred pounds, ten shillings. That's correct, and—do you remember your mother, my boy?' I told him how it had been with me, and how Sis had stood in place of a mother to me, and—will you believe it, Roy? his eyes glistened with tears; those quick, penetrating eyes that look as if they had been made of steel. He muttered every boy should have a mother. Mothers shouldn't die and leave boys to be brought up by other people. Ben, lad, you shall come some evening to my home and tell me all about yourself, everything.' That is an ordeal before me, Roy."

"Nothing very formidable," Roy made answer. "For all his roughness, and even obtuse vulgarity at times, poor old Walker has some fine feelings. He has, without doubt, had a sorrowful history, and you must give him the sympathy he craves of you, Ben."

"I'll tell him all about Sallie, and I am quite sure she will have a happy influence over him, when she comes. Yes! I'll set Sis to hear all his queer remarks sympathetically. It will be a case of Beauty and the Beast."

"I am a bit uneasy on one point, Ben, and *there* I think Sallie can be of service indeed, if our chief takes to her as he has done to you. He was very prompt and generous in allowing me to name Hubert for one of the vacant clerkships; but I am afraid—unless the Squire is very different from what he used to be, that these two won't pull well together —what say you, Ben?"

"I did not think the Squire had improved when I saw him—and that is no time ago," said Ben, "but I can't help believing some sudden event has taken place which has had a wonderful effect for good. Roy, we must hope the very best. It *must be* that dear Sallie's patience, love and faith in God have been honoured by *Him*. And if what I hope be the case, then we may trust that the Squire will adapt himself to his clerkship, and find favour with our chief."

"He is a wonderfully sage boy—is Ben!" said Roy, mimicing old Mr. Walker's manner, and quoting one of his frequent remarks in a way that set Ben laughing heartily.

CHAPTER XVI.

"THIS USE MAY LIE IN BLOOD AND BREATH."

WHEN Sallie returned, at her husband's desire, to their former abode she found there a letter from Madame Dubourg enclosing a note for Hubert.

Madame wrote in much distress regarding worldly affairs, but announcing her husband as quite convalescent. "We left Nice as soon as he could be moved, and we are living here till he is quite strong, and we can make up our minds as to what the next step is to be. My husband does not tell me much; but I know enough to assure me, that we are reduced to poverty. He is most anxious to see Mr. Holmes, and hopes you can forward the enclosed to him without delay. Till they have met we can do nothing, I understand. Mr. Holmes need be under no apprehension about coming to us *now*. My husband assures me all danger is removed. I would not ask you, dear, to urge Mr. Holmes to come if he ran *any* risk."

Sallie sent on Madame's letter as well as M. Dubourg's note to Hubert, and he told her he should go at once to see his friend. Indeed, he had been to Nice for that purpose, but had failed to discover where the Dubourgs had gone, and had been afraid to make more than casual inquires lest suspicions might be raised.

His fears would have been mightily increased if he had known that a man muffled in cloak and slouched hat was following him to Nice, and from Nice; and again to the village where Dubourg had located himself; never losing sight of Holmes, but careful to escape his notice.

All unconscious of such espionage Hubert sought his friend—the friend he had lured to ruin; and bitter indeed was his self-reproach at sight of poor Madame, and her sorrowing girls. Still more bitter was his anguish when Dubourg, shrivelled and haggard, terribly changed from the jovial, rubicund and eminently respectable member of society which he had been before that fatal visit to Monte Carlo, held out a trembling hand and said, "Well, Holmes, you and I changed places that night; yet I believe in your honesty, and hope to prove it."

"You may believe I never meant you should come to harm," said Hubert, greatly surprised at the other's words.

Still more surprised was he when Dubourg asked, with a curious air of covert suspicion, "Of course you have seen nothing more of that blackguard, Smithers?"

The astonishment on his visitor's face must have driven all suspicion away. Dubourg's brow cleared as Hubert stammered, "Blackguard! seen Smithers! Why, what do you mean? wasn't it arranged—that night, that he and I should *not* meet? Really your tone surprises me."

"I am glad it does, for it removes from my mind a vague fear, I had entertained that you were *one of the lot*. You'll forgive the suspicion, but in the circumstances it was natural, you must allow."

The Squire's colour deepened into a blush of shame, and he hung his head. "I deserve that you should suspect me, but I was innocent of what you think."

Then quite simply and frankly, he explained how he had revenged himself on the Baron; adding that he had understood that Dubourg had escaped serious loss.

"Yes, yes! you believed as I did that Smithers was a careless, kindly, honourable man, but he was a villain, a black-hearted villain!"

"I cannot understand the position till you explain. Tell me what happened when I left," Hubert said.

"This happened. No sooner were you clear of the place, and I laid helpless on that couch with a bullet in my leg, than he, Smithers, coolly pocketed the money—my money —which in your presence he had so frankly and generously said I must take back. Then he went over and rifled the dead man's pockets; and when I threatened to call out, he said another bullet would soon settle my account, or perhaps I would prefer being hanged for the murder. He was so fiendishly cool as to add, 'I forgot, you don't hang in France,

it is only English brains that devise such punishments for murder.' Think of that, Holmes! And I was in his power —quite helpless. What could I do? You see that conviction which flashed on me in a moment was the true one after all, though his frank disavowal and refunding of the money disarmed me. But I had judged aright when I believed I saw a look of meaning and signals exchanged between the rascals. Yes, they were indeed confederates."

"It does astonish, dumbfounder, me!" Holmes exclaimed. "Why he looked such a candid, honest fellow. I quite believed his statement, and when he tossed the money across to where you had sat, and then urged me to escape, saying *he* could explain, he could save us, I went away assured that I left you in better hands than my own. Afterwards, when I heard that Smithers had disappeared as well as myself, and that you had been ruined, I imagined that to be a ruse arranged between you, to still further turn aside enquiry, and foil attempts to clear up the matter."

"I tell you, Holmes, that scoundrel did not leave a cent behind him. He even ransacked a desk in the room, taking from it jewels and money; and he departed with the utmost deliberation, knowing well—the ruffian—that I must be silent."

"Oh, if I had been less credulous!" cried Herbert. "But he seemed so genuinely concerned and friendly to us—to me in particular. If I had only refused to leave you! If I had done anything on earth but agree to his proposal."

"My friend, *I* urged it also. I was taken in, too. Yes, in spite of my own instinctive conviction of his falsehood; but there—we must not judge ourselves too severely for being hoodwinked. It—it all happened so quickly, and I, at least, was not myself. My brains were in a most mad confusion. The point now is not to reflect on what has happened, but to ask what is to be done? I tell you, plainly, that when I began to consider the whole matter, doubts of *your* integrity assailed me. You can only *prove* your truth in one way. I may seem rude, less than civil, Holmes, but recollect I am a ruined man."

"Ruined through my influence! You can say nothing so hard of me that I do not feel I deserve it; but at least I can and will prove my honesty. Before I came here I had quite decided—with my wife's warm approval—to offer you a part of what I won from the Baron, if I found you required it. Whether you did so or not, I had resolved to appropriate *no* part of that money to my own use. It *now* appears my plain duty to give you the whole sum."

M. Dubourg was not gifted with fine feelings. True, his share of the tragedy lay heavy on his soul, and he was never likely to gamble again, but, notwithstanding, he was quite ready to receive thankfully the dead Baron's gains. He grasped Hubert's hand, and exclaimed—

"Ten thousand thanks, my friend. You found me in the depths of despair; you raise me to a paradise of hope! All will be well! And since you have, with that insular courage and high mindedness, which are so admirable but, pardon me, somewhat overstrained; since you have decided to resign all claim on that man's ill-won money, it certainly should fall from your hands to mine, my friend."

Hubert was distinctly conscious of feeling very much annoyed at the readiness with which the Frenchman had accepted his proposal. It had cost *him* such throes of soul to put aside what would have restored him to his place as Squire of Wately. He had spent so many long years in dreaming of that money, hoping for it, striving for it; and when it was in his grasp, it was hard, beyond any one but himself and God to know, to give it up. And to see another clutch the treasure without one qualm, was certainly an aggravation ill to bear. He replied to Dubourg's ecstatic words coldly enough—

"I shall send you the money. The greater part is in paper, easily converted into capital, and you can use it as you please. I had some thoughts that—considering everything—you might shrink from accepting; but since——"

"My good friend," Dubourg eagerly interrupted, "in ordinary circumstances I might have hesitated; but see, I am ruined, and by that vile Russ and his confederate; and there is Madame and the poor daughters. Ah, you must see, Holmes, I dare not hesitate, must not *feel*. But I shall set aside a goodly portion of the money to religious purposes, and I shall——"

"For goodness sake," Hubert in his turn interrupted, "don't tell me what you will do with it. I shall be thankful to be quit of it. And I wish, with all my heart, it had never reached my hands.

They talked very little more on the subject; but Hubert told Monsieur that he was going abroad to begin life over again, with nobler aims and holier hopes, and the Frenchman listened in a kind of awe, as if he were being shown glimpses of spirits from another world. He was a man of limited capacity, who had lived always on a low level as concerned mind and sentiment, and he simply could not comprehend Hubert's new feelings.

Later, when his visitor had departed, and he had informed madame that matters would be set straight after all, that Holmes was a grand, a glorious man, he added, "but ah! he has more than the ordinary portion of insular madness; he is quite nobly mad, and his wife is an angel!"

By these words we see that Dubourg had rightly concluded that Sallie's influence had something to do with Hubert's "noble madness."

Hubert went back to his temporary abode, and lost no time in forwarding to M. Dubourg the money which had become hateful, in a sense, to its latest possessor. Some other matters he arranged also. There was a good deal of correspondence to be done. He was not unemployed in his wife's absence, and he was quite unaware of a spy on his every action.

Sallie joined him, and together they departed for South Africa, altogether unconscious that a Nemesis was in the ship with them.

(To be continued).

WEARINESS.

MARY K. A. STONE.

LORD! with a very tired mind
I seek Thy face;
Thy shadowing wing alone can be
My resting place.
Oh! let the Everlasting Arms,
Around me thrown,
My secret sanctuary be
From ills unknown.

Thou knowest, Lord, the hidden cross
None else may see;
For Thou appointest every grief
That chastens me;
And I may plead with Thee, my God,
For patient strength,
That this Thy discipline of love
Bear fruit at length.—*Christian Union.*

MISS HAYSON'S ROSES.

By Faith Chiltern.

CHAPTER I.

"Seldom can the heart be lonely
If it seek a lonelier still,
Self-forgetting, seeking only
Emptier cups of love to fill."
Miss Havergal.

Miss Hannah Hayson sat in a pleasant little sitting-room on a pleasant summer morning; but she herself did not share the pleasantness; indeed, she appeared thoroughly discontented and unhappy, nor were her looks at variance with her feelings.

Miss Hannah was past the prime of life; indeed, her hair was sprinkled with grey, and her face and forehead began to be indented with the furrows time will make there, even in those who do their best to preserve their good looks.

She was thinking—thinking aloud, too, as was often her wont, and her thoughts were not pleasant ones.

"Growing so old," she said, "and so lonely—so desolate! really there does not seem anything to live for; no one to love me, no one to trouble whether I live or die. I wonder why people are sent into the world to be so miserable? And some call me a lucky woman because I have enough to keep me, and only myself to think about. Ah, if some of them could live my life!" and a sigh escaped from the thin lips.

Poor Miss Hannah! Around her were many signs of comfort, if not of luxury, while without, in the little garden, flowers were blooming in rich beauty, trees waved gracefully, birds sang as if for very joy, and bees and butterflies basked in sunshine; her countenance was the only thing which did not look bright.

Presently she ceased to talk to herself, and took up the pretty antimacassar she was tatting, and for a few minutes the shuttle flew swiftly in and out; then she again came to an abrupt stop.

"Dear me, I believe I have forgotten to water my flowers! My poor geraniums want it badly, and my hydrangea is actually drooping its leaves. What a thirsty plant it is!" And for a few moments she almost forgot her troubles in attending to the wants of her cherished plants, the only things she had upon which to lavish her affection, since a favourite dog had died. Afterward she went into the garden and walked leisurely among the borders, picking off a dead leaf here and plucking up a small weed there (weeds never grew to any size in Miss Hayson's garden), and anon she would stop before the beautiful rose-trees the garden boasted, thinking how nicely they were blooming, though even this did not give her unqualified satisfaction.

"They are pretty, but useless, and will soon be gone; and after all, what are roses to me, whose life has been only full of thorns and brambles?" she mused, and she was about to re-enter the house.

Ere she could do so, however, a step was heard outside the gate, and, glancing up, she saw a little girl standing there, apparently hesitating whether to enter or not, and watching her with a wistful gaze.

The child was poorly dressed, even ragged. Miss Hayson at first supposed her to be a beggar, and a look of annoyance crossed her face; she had no sympathy for such, and went towards the gate, intending to order her off.

"What do you want? It is of no use coming here to beg; I never give beggars anything," she began, in a severe tone.

The child, however, although she looked confused, did not run away.

"Oh, ma'am," she began, in a half-frightened, half-eager tone, "please, please, I ain't begging. Leastways, only—only roses, please ma'am."

"Only what?" asked the lady of the house and garden.

"Roses, please ma'am. Will you kindly give me a few of those nice splendid roses? I should be ever so much obliged to ye, ma'am!" she added, in an old-fashioned manner, at which even Miss Hayson could not help being secretly amused.

"Roses, child? what in the world do you want of roses? I daresay now you only want them to pull to pieces; or else to take into the town and sell," she added, the idea suddenly occurring to her.

"No, ma'am, indeed, indeed it is not that; it is for a sick

sister, ma'am. If you would only give me just a tiny bunch, —or one even would do!" she said earnestly.

Miss Hayson looked at her with a puzzled expression, but she did not at once relax. She had had experience in the tricks beggars could be up to, she told herself.

"How do I know you are speaking the truth?" she said, "I never pick my flowers for anybody, little girl. Who sent you?"

"Nobody, please ma'am; that is, not exactly; only Mary has been wanting some flowers so much, especially roses, and I knew I had seen lots and lots here, so I said I'd come and ask you."

"What is your name, and where do you live?"

"I am Agnes Winley, please ma'am, and our house is in Barfield; leastways we haven't a house, only one room. We haven't been there long, and poor Mary, she wasn't well when we did come. We used to live in the country and have a nice garden, but we haven't a single flower there."

"Well, I am not in the habit of tearing my roses off, but if I could be sure all you say is right,"—began Miss Hayson reflectively.

"It is, please ma'am. If you was to come, you'd find I'd told you every word true," was the earnest response. "Do please give me just a few, ma'am; Mary would be as pleased as pleased."

"Well, it is against my rule, but I think you are sincere, so I will give you a few for your sick sister, only I must fetch my scissors first."

The little pleader looked radiant, and her glistening, appreciative eyes made Miss Hayson smile, as she cut off the beautiful, scented blossoms.

"Oh, my! they are lovely, ain't they?" exclaimed the child. "You have cut me such a splendid lot, too! Won't Mary be delighted?" and she handled the nosegay with loving fingers.

Miss Hayson seemed touched. She had done an unusual thing in thus cutting off any of her flowers, but somehow, in doing it, a warm feeling had crept into her heart, and she was beginning to feel a spice of interest in her little visitor and the story she told.

"There! take care not to spoil or drop them going home," she said.

"That I will, ma'am, and thank you a thousand times."

"And you can come again when these are faded, if your sister would like some more."

"Oh, thank you, ma'am, you are kind! They'll do Mary more good than medicine," she said, hastening out with her precious burden, and looking back with grateful nods and smiles till she was out of sight.

Miss Hayson went indoors and busied herself after her usual manner, but often during that day and the days following, her thoughts lingered on the little incident of the roses. It had been a trifling thing to do, but somehow it had raised feelings in Miss Hayson's breast which had never been there before, or had long lain dormant. She had experienced the joy, if in a small degree, of doing good, had had a taste of the blessedness of giving comfort to another; the mind which had hitherto been filled only with itself and its own troubles, was awaking to new interests, and she looked out, with an eagerness she could not herself understand, for the little girl to come again.

CHAPTER II.

Agnes did come again, and Miss Hayson did not meet her with frowns or doubts this time, but seemed quite pleased to see the little eager face. Indeed, after this, she regularly gave her a gift of flowers, and learned to love the simple-hearted maiden, with her artless words of thanks, and winning smiles, and felt disappointed if she did not make her appearance at the time expected.

"It must be so nice to have such a lovely place to live in, and so many flowers all to yourself," said Agnes, wistfully, one morning. "And you are just like an angel to give so many away, aint you? Teacher says the angels go about to help people, and do them good, only we can't see them; but we can see you, and I'm so glad I came here. I didn't think you were very kind then, just at first, but I know now you are just as good as good!" And she gave Miss Hayson's hand an affectionate squeeze.

Miss Hayson laughed, but a sigh followed the laugh, as she caressed the little visitor; she did not feel "as good as good," and Aggie's words had touched a chord of feeling of which she little dreamt. But she was pleased by the child's gratitude, and soon sent not only roses to brighten the sick room, but would have ready some other gift, some delicacy which might tempt the appetite of the invalid, and in preparing which she found more pleasure than in doing nothing but sit and work antimacassars, and other pretty trifles to decorate her rooms, which, after all the care and patience bestowed on their adornment, did not afford her much real happiness.

She even went more than once to the poor room, the "home" of the Winleys. It was a great effort for her to do so, for she had never accustomed herself to visit her poorer neighbours, and had always shrunk from the sight of suffering; but little Agnes had wished her so much to go, assuring her Mary would be so glad to see her, that she could not well resist the appeal. And in that poor chamber, with signs of poverty and pain around her, such as she had never before encountered; her flowers the only ornament, the only bright things which the tired eyes had to gaze upon, and which she saw were so dearly prized—the selfishness of life, as it had been, flashed upon her, and regret awoke for the wasted years in which she had not troubled to bestow even a rose.

She looked on her rose-bushes rather anxiously as the summer began to wane, and the blossoms grew scarce, and did not cut any to adorn her parlour, as usual.

"I shall not have many more, my dear," she said one day, as Agnes appeared, and the "my dear," and tender tone were very different to Miss Hayson's former manner.

"Never mind, ma'am, I shall not want any more, I expect; mother says Mary is—is—dying," said Agnes, in a choked voice; and putting her pinafore to her eyes, she sobbed bitterly.

Miss Hayson herself turned pale, but she tried to comfort the poor child, putting her arm affectionately around her.

"Don't fret so, my dear, don't! I am very sorry for you, but you must not be hopeless; your sister may not be so ill as you all think."

"Yes she is, ma'am; the doctor says she can't get better, and they don't think she'll live through the night."

"Poor girl! But I hope she'll be better off, Aggie."

"She says she has learned not to mind, or to be afraid; and oh, we do all thank you for sending her so many splendid flowers! She says they make her think about heaven, and all the prettiness there'll be there. But, oh dear! I shall miss her so!"

Miss Hayson softly stroked her hair, and pressed a kiss on the childish brow.

Many a time during that night her thoughts turned to the dying girl. She wished she could learn not to "mind," or be afraid, but could look forward calmly to that brighter

home, for although life often seemed so lonely and weary, yet the thought of death was anything but pleasant to Miss Hannah.

She was learning, however, if slowly; learning at least to live life, which was the first step towards it, and the lesson the most necessary at present; when death should come, God would provide the needed grace to meet it.

The last roses which bloomed in the garden were laid on the bosom of the dead, for Mary, as little Agnes had said, needed no more in life. She had gone to the land

> "Where everlasting spring abides,
> And never-withering flowers,"

where she could gaze on a brighter Rose, even the "Rose of Sharon," and where there is no more pain.

Little Agnes grieved sorely. Mary had been her only sister, and she missed her the more for all the weeks in which she had been her nurse and companion, for the father was dead, and the mother went out charing and washing.

But although she was gone, and Aggie would need to fetch roses no longer, Miss Hayson did not lose sight of her, nor discontinue her kindness. The child had grown dear to her, and spent many hours at the "pretty house" as she called it, perhaps unconsciously giving more benefits than she received, although she could now boast neat frocks, pretty pinafores, and comfortable stockings, for the making of which the tatting had been laid aside.

Nor did Miss Hayson's giving end with Agnes and her friends, for having once had her eyes and her heart opened to the needs and sorrows of those around her, and learning to follow in His steps who "came not to be ministered unto, but to minister," she found that if cut off from many friendships and enjoyments which others could claim, yet life need not, even for her, be desolate, wearisome, and monotonous, as it had formerly been; and ere long she found in her labours of love, a peace, a comfort, and a joy come to her, to which she had hitherto been a stranger. She did not feel now that there was no one to love her, no one to care whether she lived or died, when kindly smiles, words of thanks, and benedictions rested upon her.

"I used to think Miss Hayson nothing but a proud, stingy, disagreeable old maid, but she's that altered that she's quite a blessing in the place," said one neighbour to another, as she passed one day.

"Yes, that she is. If there's sickness or want anywhere, Miss Hannah's always to the front; she don't seem to think anything too much trouble, and gives away more than many as is richer; while as to being disagreeable, why, her smile is as bright as those splendid roses in her garden, that I've seen her cutting off to give away so often."

"Ah, she's always giving roses, bless her!" said the other significantly. As she was; roses whose sweetest perfume would return to herself, when the King in His beauty should say to her—

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

THE END.

A QUIET NOOK IN CORNWALL.

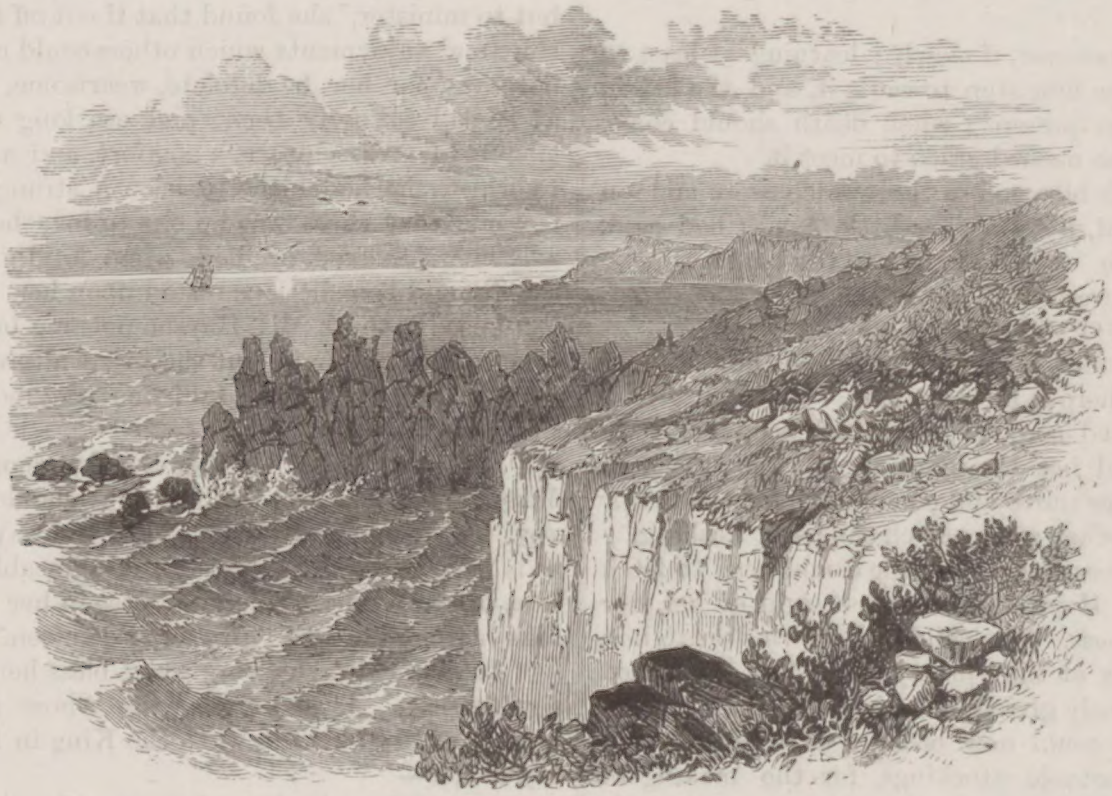
BY MRS. ATKINS, M.D.

It was on a broiling hot day in August of last year that we discovered the quiet nook.

We had started from the Land's End Hotel, where we were staying, in time to escape the swarms of tourists which render that region impassible from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m., intending to walk as far as the Logan Rock and back, a plan which I may as well confess at once, we ignominiously failed in carrying out. The sea was so blue, the fantastically-shaped rocks were so curious, that we could not make up our minds to take the direct route across the downs to the Logan Rock, but skirted every bay and rounded every promontory, keeping as close to the sea as the cliffs would allow, thereby doubling the distance we had to traverse, regardless of consequences. These met us in the form of complete collapse by the time we reached Mill Bay, about six miles by the cliff from Land's End. Nothing on earth seemed to us worth having save a bathe, a rest, and some lunch, and by the time these lay in the past, it was 3 p.m. Still, we did not wish to give in, so we toiled on for an hour longer, always hoping that the next promontory would disclose the Logan Rock, whereas, as we subsequently ascertained, we were not half-way to that desired haven. At length we reached a high cliff, from whence, far away in the distance, we descried the Logan Rock; and then and there we sat down and deliberately, with a mighty sense of relief, and without the least trace of the humiliation which ought to have possessed us at the sense of failure, gave up the Logan Rock for that day. When the first feeling of exultation at the relief from toil had somewhat subsided, we began, however, to realize that giving up the Logan meant also giving up that cherished cup of tea which we had been looking forward to obtaining at the hotel there, and the prospect of toiling back to Land's End without any refreshment appeared disheartening indeed. Just at that moment, over the brow of the hill, appeared two young men, evidently on a walking tour. They were immediately waylaid as to the possibility of obtaining a cup of tea at any cottage they might have passed on their road. They were evidently tickled at the idea of two lone women sitting in the broiling sun in the middle of a desolate moor pining for tea, but they told us there was a small fishing village about half-a-mile away, where possibly we could obtain what we wanted, and, manfully struggling with their desire to guffaw, they passed on.

With renewed energy we started again, and ten minutes' walk brought us to the edge of the cliff, from whence we looked down upon the "quiet nook," *alias* Porthgwarra, nestling into one of the coombes so frequent along the Cornish coast, and looking so bright with the sun shining upon its white houses that we instantaneously fell in love with it.

Down the cliff we went, as fast as our wearied limbs would carry us, and plunged into the midst of a group of sailors busy mending their nets. A handsome and stalwart



Land's End.

group they were, too, bearded and bronzed, tall and muscular, with a friendly smile when addressed. "A cup of tea?" of course we could have a cup of tea, if we would go up to the terrace which they pointed out to us.

The result of the terrace of clean little white houses, and of the tea, dispensed by friendly Mrs. Tom Jackson, was a determination on our part to stay at Porthgwarra for a week or two, if we could obtain any lodgings. These our hostess herself could furnish, and the next day we took possession.

Porthgwarra consists of about twenty cottages, inhabited solely by fishermen and their families, and almost exclusively by Jacksons—whereby hangs a tale.

Many years ago, so runs the story, as related by Mrs. Lynn Linton in "The Mad Willoughby," and corroborated by the fishermen themselves, the Jacksons lived in Penberth Cove, as their forefathers had done for generations. An independent, somewhat stiff-necked, self-respecting race then, as now, deeming it a degradation to take wage from any man. Upon the death of the lord of the manor, from whom they rented their cottages and bits of potato ground, the property fell into the hands of a London city man, who, seeing all the benefits to be derived from an improved method of fishing and transporting fish to market, determined to start his own seine boat, and also fast-sailing cutters, which would get to Penzance in time for the early market. He spoke the men fair and was willing to give good wages, but the very word was to the Jacksons as a blow in the face, and they one and all refused civilly but positively to work for any man. after being their own masters for so many generations. Then followed threats of eviction, which the men contemptuously disregarded; but when the first lease fell in renewal was refused, and this not proving effectual in dislodging the tenant he was summarily evicted. Then up rose the men of Jackson in their wrath, and, but that the city man had been called to London on "urgent business," great might have been the trouble to all concerned. But peaceable counsels prevailed, and instead of the city man departing this life, the Jacksons departed from Penberth Cove and settled in Porthgwarra, building themselves small wooden houses, which are gradually being replaced by solid and comfortable stone ones.

The fashionable quarter of Porthgwarra is "The Terrace," consisting of three well-built eight-roomed houses on the top of a cliff, within a stone's throw of the sea, which is reached by steps cut in the red sandstone. These three houses, and others in the coombe, take lodgers during the season, the rent for each room varying from 8s. to 10s. per week. Behind the Terrace rises another cliff, the summit of which is easily attained, and from which a long stretch of down, interspersed with ravines and coombes, extends to Penzance. Opposite the Terrace is the cliff leading to Land's End, crowned with the old-fashioned beacons which served as steering-points for the vessels in ancient days, and which look to the uninitiated like huge red extinguishers. Between this cliff and the Terrace lies the cove where the boats are drawn up, the nets mended, and which may be considered the village of Porthgwarra. Shops there are none—absolutely none. The visitor must bring what he needs in every shape save food, or be prepared to send to Penzance for it. Bread, butter, milk, and eggs are obtainable from the different farm-houses, and are delivered at the door; meat is obtained from a roving butcher with a cart; fish can be obtained with ease if the weather be calm. When the haul has been a good one, you are invited to go down to the boats and help yourself to almost anything you take a fancy to; but lobsters, which they keep in "cellars" constructed amongst the rocks, which are covered with water at high tide, have to be paid for. When we went down with one of the fishermen to obtain a lobster he was careful to explain to us, as he took the padlock off his cellar, that they were kept locked, not because the fishermen distrusted each other, but because visitors might lift up the lid and forget to replace it, whereby the lobsters and crabs would be lost.

Groceries have to be obtained from Penzance, and are brought by the carrier at a trifling expense. Alcohol is not to be obtained in any form whatever in the village or neighbourhood, all the inhabitants being teetotallers. Could not

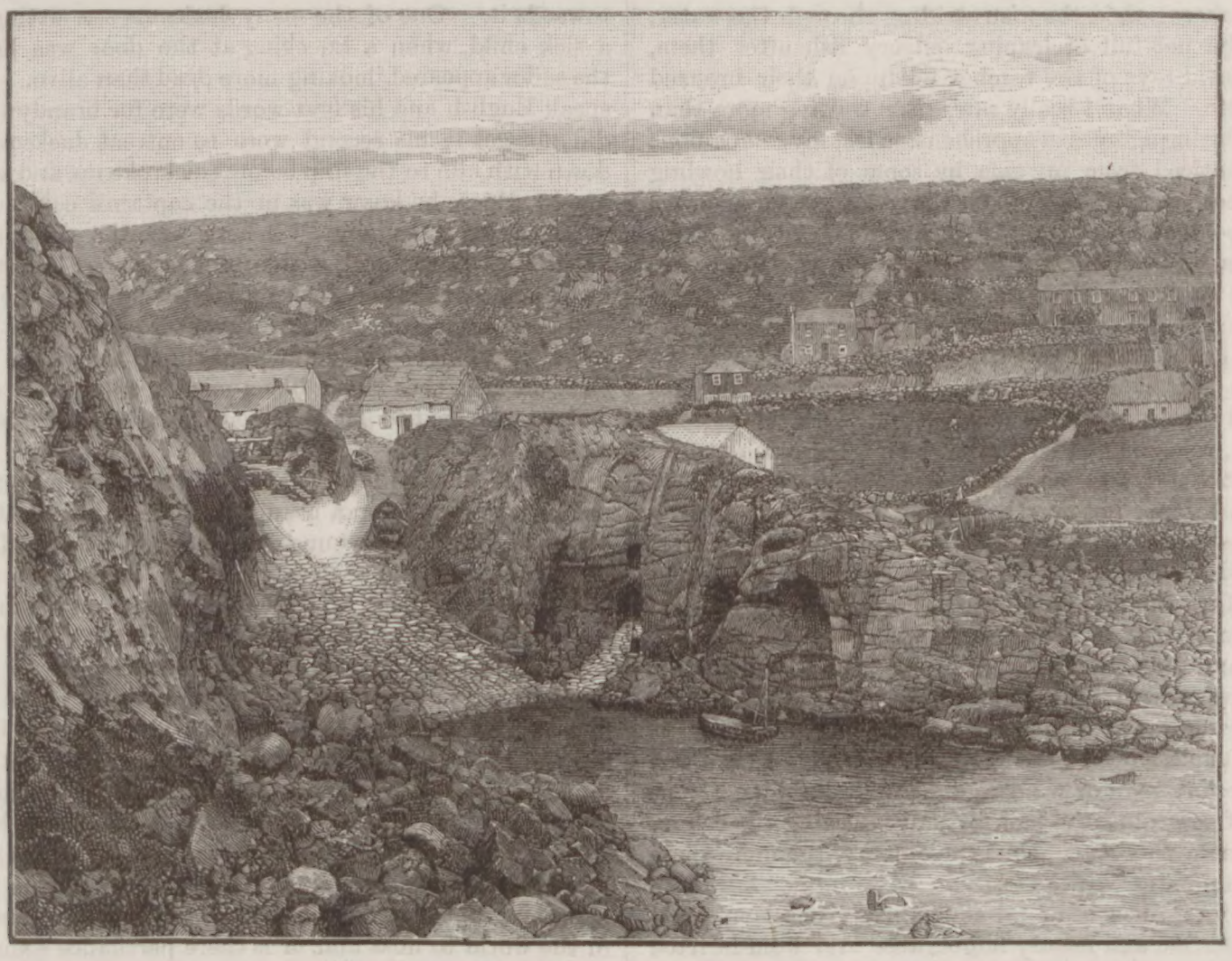
Porthgwarra point a moral and adorn a temperance tale, backed as it would be by the fine physique of the men? How much the continual life in the open air has to do with their stalwart manhood it would surely be impertinent to inquire. Vegetables, with the exception of potatoes, are somewhat difficult to obtain; but grapes, and, in their season, strawberries, also cucumbers and tomatoes, may be obtained at reasonable prices from the Land's End vineries, about a mile and a half from Porthgwarra.

The bathing for non-swimmers, as is usually the case in Cornwall, is not good, and can only be managed at certain times of the tide, and in fair weather. There are several very tempting sandy coves about a mile or two from Porthgwarra, but great care must be exercised in bathing from them, as the undertow is very strong, and might easily cause even fairly strong persons to lose their footing and be carried helplessly to sea.

Rock-pools are to be found here and there, and are not to be despised when nothing better can be had; but even they have to be managed with caution, as the following little adventure proves. One very hot day I went down to the bay to get my dip, but on arriving found that it was quite hopeless, as the waves were breaking tumultuously on the shore. I wandered along the cliff, seeking for some quiet spot; and at last, far below, I spied a large rock-pool which looked most inviting. Down the cliffs I clambered, but when I reached the pool I found it was somewhat nearer the water than I had thought, and the tide was coming in fast. Would there be time for a bathe before the waves reached the pool? I thought yes, and determined to risk it. In five minutes I was in the pool, splashing, dashing, luxuriating, when suddenly, to my horror, a huge crested wave tore up the rock, dashed into the pool, covering me, smothering me, blinding me; fortunately it had not sent my head against the rock, or there would have been an end of my earthly career. As the water rushed down the rock again, I sufficiently recovered my faculties to get up and scramble out of that pool, and I may say that I fairly "scooted" up to a place of safety, utterly disregarding the cold flapping of my bathing-dress, the sharp rocks to my feet, and the soaking I was giving to my clothes, as I caught them up in passing. By the time I was well out of danger, the absurdity of the situation and of my appearance so utterly overcame me that I could do nothing but lie down and peal with laughter. The fright I had had was a small price to pay for such a jolly laugh; but, nevertheless, it was what schoolboys would call "a narrow shave," for had a second wave followed the first before I had emerged from the pool, I should inevitably have been stunned, and consequently drowned. The moral is, not to bathe in a rock-pool when the tide is coming in.

The chief event in the life of Porthgwarra is the casting of the seine. This always occurs if a shoal of fish is sighted, and then great is the excitement, as the men in their high boots and jerseys tumble down to the cove and launch the seine-boat. Sometimes they cast the seine without any shoal appearing, when they judge from divers signs that a good haul of fish is close in shore.

This was the case one night when the weather was very calm, and I determined to go down and see the seine drawn in to a cove about two miles away. Our landlady's two daughters were to show me the way in return for my chaperonage, and about nine o'clock we started. The night was pitch dark, but we made our way along the cliffs, with only an occasional stumble, for about a mile and a half. At



The Cove, Porthgwarra. *(From a Photo. by R. H. Preston, Penzance.)*

this point, when we should have been trending down towards the cove, we found that, on the contrary, we were ascending a hill, and that instead of a path we had grass under our feet. Evidently we had got off the track, but where? We retraced our footsteps, but there was no path; then we felt carefully to right and left—nothing but grass and heather. We struck matches, but they were straightway blown out. Hereupon I took the lead, and proceeded gingerly feeling like a blind man with my umbrella; and lucky it was I did, for I had not groped for more than two minutes when my umbrella poked into space, and we were evidently either on the edge of a cliff or on the brink of a quarry. I relinquished my leadership at this juncture, and we made our way towards a light which shone in the window of a farm-house some distance off, where we obtained a small boy, who guided us safely to the cove. As we approached, voices were to be heard and lights to be seen gleaming; evidently a large number of people had assembled to watch the proceedings. We were soon in the midst of them, and, to my dismay, I found that pending the arrival of the seine-boat, a considerable amount of horse-play was going on, in which my two companions incontinently joined. I began to understand how it was my landlady had not wished her daughters to come alone, and I sincerely wished we were all safe in bed. My inclination led me to walk off to some quiet nook and leave the girls to their fate, for I felt I had not the slightest authority over them; but I mastered my disgust, and before they were lost in the surrounding darkness I managed to get them back to my side, and deliberately marched them off to the other side of the sands, where I made them sit down beside me. This was a bad beginning to what I had fondly imagined would be a poetical reminiscence in my life. I had pictured to myself the cove lying still and quiet under the stars, the waves softly rippling up to our feet, a distant sound of oars gradually approaching as the seine-boats neared the shore; then the men striding through the water, dragging the net full of leaping, silvery fish after them, whilst the lurid rays of the torches fell upon their bronzed faces, etc., etc. What I really saw, after waiting more than an hour, enduring agonies of apprehension lest my companions should be enticed from my side by some of their howling acquaintances, was a surging of the dark, waving forms towards the edge of the water in response to a hoarse shout from the sea, and the lighting of many lanterns. Following the crowd, we found that the boats, under cover of the night, had crept close inshore, and that the men, standing waist-deep in the water, were dragging the net towards the sand by its two extremities. Slowly the men at the two ends neared each other, till the whole net, with its seething mass of fish, was dragged on to the sand. The catch proved small, about 200 to 300 fish, and being moreover composed of coarse fish, was not worth sending to market, so permission was given to the outsiders to help themselves. Then ensued a scene which, for cruelty, I have seldom seen equalled. Into the middle of the mass of gasping, squirming fish jumped the men and boys, with their thick boots, crunching and squelching the fish under their feet in pursuit of those they wanted. No sooner were these seized, than a withy or string was passed through their gills, and the poor, quivering, helpless body carried off in triumph. In not one of those present, man or woman, did the desirability, to put it mildly, of lessening the pain by first knocking the fish on the head seem to occur. On the contrary, the more these writhed the greater was the fun.

A loud outcry has been raised against vivisection, practised by scientific and mostly honourable and kind-hearted men for the benefit of the human race. But not one voice, so far as I know, has been raised against the ever-recurring brutal cruelty practised by such creatures as these for the benefit of their stomachs.

Such was my first, and it will certainly also be my last experience of seine drawing. Such the picture which has lodged itself in my brain instead of the poetic remembrance, which in my sentimental folly I had anticipated.

One of the chief attractions of Porthgwarra is Captain Tom. Five feet ten in his stockings, broad to match, kindly blue eyes in a rugged face, a hearty voice and a shake of the hand which makes you wince—such is Captain Tom. Why Captain I have not a notion. Wise visitors will endeavour to make friends with him, and will coax him out for a walk on the southern cliff, below which are the sharp, jagged rocks, against which many a brave ship has had the life beaten out of her. Almost every rock will recall some incident to Captain Tom, and as you sit on the cliff in the summer sunshine, with the sea below as calm as a lake, he will point to a rock and tell you how some years ago in the midst of a crashing, howling, furious storm, a foreign merchant vessel drove upon it. Even in the blackness of the night the men could see how near the land lay to them; and one after the other of the crew attempted to crawl on to the reef and so to the cliff above, but only to be hurled back into the sea either by the wind or waves. At last only the captain and one sailor remained, and a lull in the storm occurring, they determined to try and reach the shore. But almost with the first step the captain slipped and broke his leg. The sailor went on, shouting that he would try and bring assistance. There the captain lay on the deck unable to stir, alone in the darkness, every wave which broke over the vessel threatening to break her up. In the meantime the sailor managed to reach the cliff, and descrying a house in the coombe, where a light was burning, he made towards it. One of the many Jacksons was sitting up with a sick child, when a knocking at the door was heard, and the sailor appeared, looking more dead than alive. He could speak English and his first words were for brandy (which he did not get); his second were to entreat Jackson to come down with him to the ship before she broke up, and secure the money which he knew was in the captain's cabin, and they would share it equally. "Where was the captain? asked Jackson. On the deck with a broken leg, so he could easily be disposed of. Then Jackson he just up with the stool he had been sitting on, and gave that sailor a crack on the head, which sent him to the churchyard three days after; and then Jackson he comes along like a maniac and wakes us all up, and we managed to get that poor captain ashore, but it was a tough job!"

Further on he will show us the spot where two Porthgwarra men, rowing along on a beautiful, calm summer's day, came upon the corpse of a young man with not a shred of clothing upon him, and who evidently had not been in the water for any length of time. He had a gold ring on his finger, and his hands betokened that he belonged to the higher classes of society; but the face was so mutilated, evidently by the hand of man, and not by the action of rocks or water, as to render him totally unrecognisable. The finding of the body was advertised, mention being made of the gold ring, but the poor mutilated corpse was never claimed, and was buried at the expense of the parish. What deed of darkness had been wrought? How had this man, in the pride of his strength, been done to death, seeing there was no wound on the body—nothing but the mutilated features? Was there no one in the world to miss him, or is there perchance someone still

alive who looks to his coming back some day?

"Now Robert Browning, you maker of plays,
Here's a subject made to your hand."

Further on Captain Tom shows where a large passenger ship, bound to foreign parts, struck and went down, every woman thereon being drowned, because the crew seized the boats and saved themselves.

"But they were foreigners, surely?"

"They were Englishmen, every one of them," says Captain Tom, with a dark look on his sunny face, "and when they landed amongst us, and we heard what they'd done, we just kicked them out of the parish."

And it was pleasant to women to realise how heartily and "judgematically" Captain Tom could kick, and would kick under such circumstances.

And so, farewell to Porthgwarra, the "quiet nook." It is not perfect by any means, but perfection is not of this world; bathing is difficult to obtain and, save for good swimmers, somewhat dangerous to indulge in; the cliffs are too crumbling at the edge for children's little feet to be allowed free play, and this practically taboos the place for many people. Then the air, although fresh and healthy, is not to my mind bracing; and finally, habitual visitors, who come year after year, will scowl at the stranger with true British urbanity for daring to invade their precincts.

On the other hand, there is freedom to do as you please, to dress as you please, to lie about anywhere you please. There is freedom from Aunt Sallys, brass bands, excursion trains, and all their attendant horrors. There is boating and deep-sea fishing galore for men (and sometimes even for women), provided the fishermen are properly managed, which, for a wonder, is not so much a question of judiciously distributing the Queen's head, as of recognising their equality as man to man. To artists, the coast from Land's End to the Logan rocks, offers attractions which need no description, and the men of Porthgwarra would fitly occupy a canvas as representatives of what English fishermen should be.

To sum up—for pure air, quiet, freedom from conventionality and ceremony, Porthgwarra may be safely recommended. Those who require the luxuries of existence must go elsewhere.

FRITZ'S FIRST WHIPPING.

BY H. E. GREY.

"THERE'S not the least doubt about it, Fritz is a most difficult child to manage! And the sooner he's sent to school the better! *I* can't manage him!" This is the remark I made some time ago to Mrs. Stanley, when she was taking tea with me one afternoon. Fritz and Daisy had been in the room with us, and she noticed what a sturdy boy Fritz is growing, and what a determined look he has about the mouth.

"I'm ashamed of you Grace," she said, with that peculiar sharp manner of hers. "I'm ashamed you should make such a confession of incompetency! If you can't manage your own children, what right have you to expect others to do so? *They* didn't bring them into the world, *you* did! Fritz has to thank his parents for his tiresome disposition, and his parents are the right persons to teach him to control it. Yes," she said, smiling at me over her spectacles, "if people can't manage their own children when they are young and as plastic as dough, they've no business to have any. But there, there, don't look so offended, my dear! You are very young and I should suspect very well intentioned, though you *are* ignorant; but you'll learn by experience; I hope it won't be bitter experience!"

"I'm sure Fritz didn't inherit obstinacy from me," I replied; "my great fault is that I am too yielding; and I can't see that Fred's temper is bad either!"

"Ah, but, my dear, Fred was well trained as a boy. He had by nature a very nasty temper, but he was taught to curb it in good time. You tell Fred what I say, Grace, and ask him to help you with that boy of yours. Depend upon it, you will both of you be miserable, and Fritz will be miserable too, if you don't begin to curb his temper at once!"

After Mrs. Stanley had gone I thought the matter over a good deal. It is true, at first I felt inclined to be a little *huffy* at her plain speaking, but I soon saw how silly I was to be so, for I knew she hid a wise heart beneath a sharp manner. Besides, how important it is that we should begin at once to mould Fritz's character aright, especially as it gives promise of being a very strong one!

And so it came about that Fred and I talked the matter over that same evening, and we determined not to go on any longer in our old easy-going ways with the child. We determined not to overlook his disobedience, not to laugh at his impudence, not to give way to his wilfulness rather than hear him scream, as we had done hitherto. But I said, "we must not be too stern with him at first" (the truth being that my mother's heart began to ache in anticipation for the child), "for he will not understand the new régime, and, you know, Fred, punishing him severely might injure his health!"

So, the very next morning, at breakfast, Fred got the boy between his knees, and said solemnly:—"Now, look here, I want you to begin to be a really good boy, because, you know lately, you've fast been getting a very bad one. I'll not have you making mother sad, and I'll not stand your bullying little Daisy, and you shan't be cheeky to Jane. Do you understand me?"

Fritz dug his chin into his chest, but answered nothing.

"Now listen! When I come home this evening, I shall ask mother how you have behaved, and if you've been a bad boy I'll give you a licking. You know what I mean by a licking, don't you?"

"Oh, Fred!" I interrupted, "he's too little to be whipped, you really mustn't!"

"Grace!" exclaimed Fred, and I could see he was trying hard not to smile at my weakness, "Grace, is this how you

help me to carry out our plans? Is this how you begin the discipline?" Then turning to poor little Fritz he continued:—"Now understand me, my boy, your mother and I are not going to put up any more with your naughty ways, so if you want to escape a licking, you've only got to be good."

("*Only!*" I ejaculated inwardly.)

I knew how it would be. Of course Fritz was naughty, just as usual. But the worst part of his naughtiness, that day was that he denied it, hoping no doubt to escape the punishment. He denied altogether that he bit Daisy's arm, when she would not give him her wheelbarrow; he denied it, poor sonnie, because he dreaded the coming "licking." Oh! how my heart ached that evening when I told Fred all that had taken place. I steeled myself to do it, for I was really anxious to carry out our plan of better management. He said very little, but walked resolutely upstairs, dragging the child by one arm. Then in his father's dressing-room Fritz's first "licking" took place. It was awful for me. I stood just outside the door, crying. How could I bear it! When it was over, and Fritz howled all the time, I burst into the room, feeling I must take him into my arms to comfort him, and beg him, for my sake, to be a good boy in future. "Oh, Fritz darling," I said, hugging him to my heart, "you make poor mother so unhappy!" He was howling passionately, his temper was perfectly horrid; and when I said this he kicked me with his little thick boot, as he sat on my lap, and spluttered out: "I won't be good!"

"Grace!" said Fred, quite angrily, "what did you come in here for? If he isn't going to be good, he isn't fit to sit on your lap. Go away, dear, I'll manage him. I shall lock him into this room, till he leaves off this row, and says he'll be good."

At this the child set up renewed screams, so Fred locked him in alone. All through supper we could hear him screaming and banging on the door. Of course I could eat nothing! "He'll have convulsions, Fred; he'll scream himself into a fever! I must go to him! He's such a *little* boy!" I pleaded.

"He's a little *villain*, you mean!" replied Fred. "Where he gets his vile temper from, I can't imagine. This is the result of your spoiling, Grace."

I said nothing, for of course Fred had had no hand in that process! Oh, what a time we had of it, that night. It was hours before Fritz calmed down. But at last, utterly exhausted, he fell asleep. Yet, as I bent over him, with a prayer at my heart, I could not help feeling frightened at the stern, unyielding look, which, even in sleep, seemed impressed on his childish mouth.

"That is the last 'licking' you give any child of ours," I said to Fred that night, "unless you wish to break my heart! I can't bear it! It will not do him a bit of good, but only harm him. Mrs. Stanley doesn't understand our children's dispositions, and I shall tell her so the next time I see her!"

I did so.

"Why, my dear Grace!" she exclaimed, "you and Fred are both of you more stupid than I could have thought possible!"

"What do you mean, Mrs. Stanley?" I asked, trying to look very dignified.

"I mean, that if you go on as you have begun, you will succeed in making that boy of yours deceitful as well as passionate and disobedient. What could be worse than whipping a high-spirited child like that? On your own confession he told untruths rather than run the risk of being whipped."

"But," I remonstrated, "I thought it was you who advised us to punish him!"

"I advised you to begin at once to *train* him, which is not necessarily the same thing. Perhaps flogging may be the only thing which will bring a big bad boy to a better mind (though I doubt it myself), but, a child like Fritz who is only naughty, not wicked, requires, as a rule, persuasion, gentle firmness, that is all. Have you tried to arouse in his young mind the feeling of honour—I may say, of chivalry? Talk to him a little, now and then, in a serious way. You might do so, for instance, when you go to say good night to him in bed. I have noticed, as a curious fact, that even thoughtless boys are wont to be more gentle and subdued then than at any other time. Fritz is so sharp, he would understand, I am sure, if you explained to him how far more *manly* it is to be obedient and gentle, than it is to leave one's passions uncontrolled. But, above all, Grace, be firm! Stick to your word! Avoid threatening, but if you should be obliged to threaten, *always carry out that threat!* Let your discipline be firm, and yet, let it be light. Always let a child see you make a broad distinction between acts of wilful naughtiness and those caused by forgetfulness or mistakes. The first should never be overlooked, but should be treated in a serious manner; the second should be pointed out to a child, and he should be encouraged to be more careful, more considerate, in future. For my own part, I think the secret of managing boys is not to *worry* them; not to encumber them with rules and regulations. They must be allowed a good deal of latitude; they are physically restless animals, and if this harmless restlessness is forcibly suppressed, their over supply of spirits often finds vent in less harmless ways. You know, dear, I've brought up a family of boys, and now have those grandsons on my hands, so I hope you have not taken offence at this long lecture.

"You are a dear old thing!" I exclaimed, the tears coming into my eyes, as I jumped up to give her a somewhat sudden embrace. "I shall be only too glad if you will teach me, for I'm sure Fred has married a very helpless wife."

"Oh, I don't think you are worse than the generality, my dear," she replied. "Young women are more to be pitied than blamed, poor things, for they are very seldom prepared, in girlhood, for their coming responsibilities. In no other vocation in life would men for a moment tolerate such complete ignorance of duties. And yet, parents allow their children to take upon themselves that most onerous of all vocations, the nurturing and education of the young, with little or no preparation."

"Ah! how true that is, Mrs. Stanley. I knew so little; I was never taught to think of these things; and it is only lately that I have begun to realise at all what an awful responsibility it is to be a mother!"

"Thank God, Grace, that you realise it now, for some mothers never do so till the end of life. Take courage! But do not think you can make Fritz into a model child in a day. Remember you have all been spoiling him—how long? How old is he?"

"He is just seven," I replied.

"Then seven years of spoiling will take more than seven days, or seven months to undo."

That evening I told Fred, as well as I was able, all Mrs. Stanley had said. When I had finished, he shook his head gravely and said:

"We were wrong to lick that boy, Grace" (so like a man to put the pronoun in the plural!). "I've thought so several times since we did it. He's too young to look at it in the same light that a school-boy does, with *bravado*."

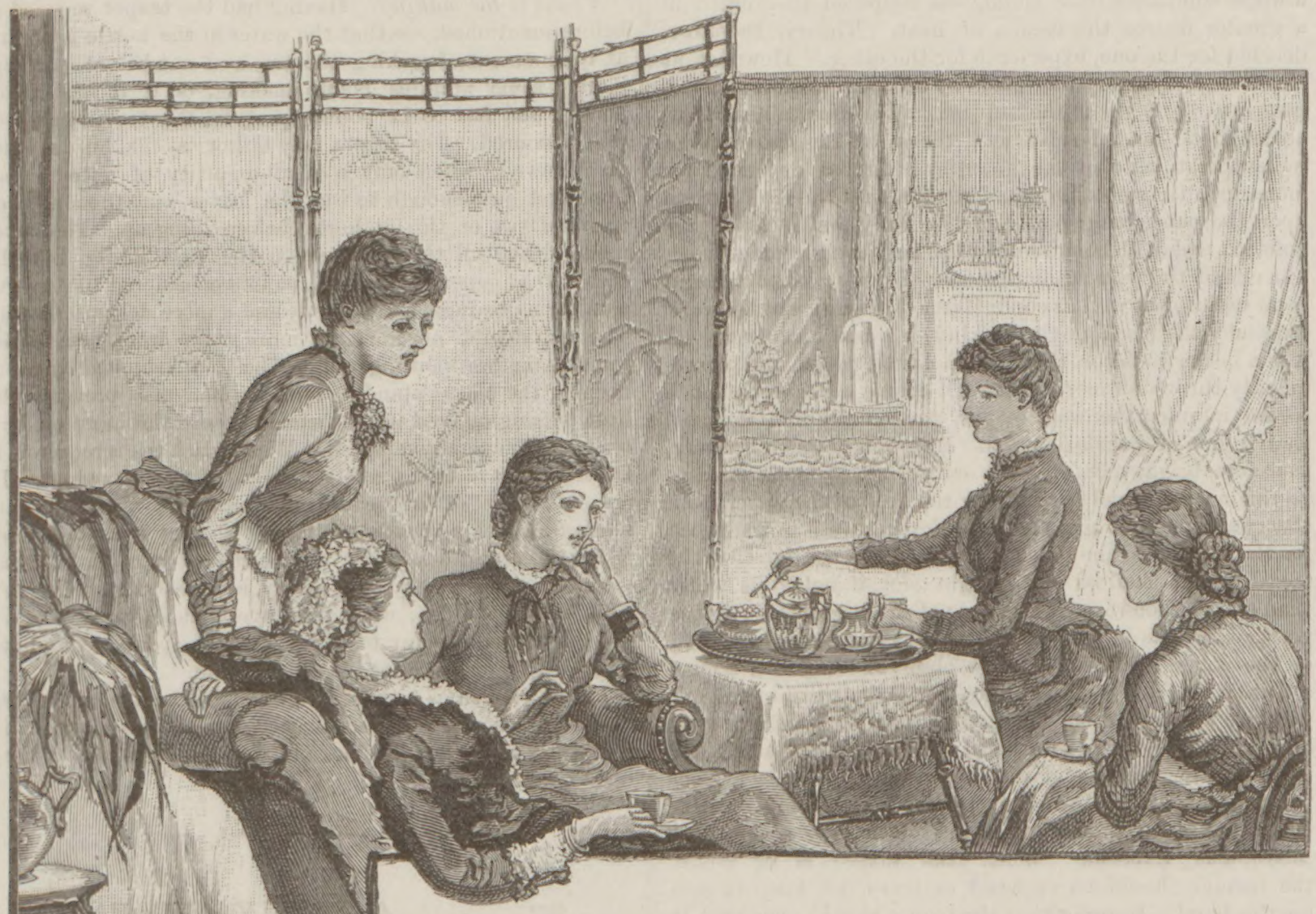
I was relieved by the expression of this sentiment; I didn't say so, but it took a great weight off my mind.

"I don't see that lickings do much good, anyhow," he continued, "for if he *funks* it, it makes him sneaky; and if he tells you 'he doesn't care a hang,' well—you may as well find some form of punishment that he does care for! 'Never say die,' Grace dear. We'll have another try with our little chap."

Just at that moment the door was burst open and in bounced the subject of our conversation.

"Oh, I say, father!" he shouted, "Daisy and me's been having such a jolly lark. We poured some oil (we couldn't get very much though!) into Aurora's head—that's the doll, don't you know, that's got a loose head from her body. And then, and then, we put the head into the fire, and, and oh, you should have seen Aurora's surprise at burning like a bonfire. But Jane—"

Fred wheeled suddenly round and began poking the fire. I could see his sides shaking with suppressed laughter. And as Daisy was dancing about and Fritz was prancing about in high glee, giving further details of Aurora's 'astonishment,' how could I help laughing too? And this is how Fred and I began to put into force our serious plans for Fritz's conversion.



HOW TO MAKE A GOOD CUP OF TEA.

BY E. D. HARRIS.

THE first important point in making good tea is certainly *the water*. For good tea the water must be fresh and soft. Hard water sets the leaf, so that its flavour is never properly extracted. Stale or pond water will impart a most unpleasant and unwholsome taste; both may be improved by filtering. A little carbonate of soda is frequently used to soften water for tea-making, and is commonly in repute as a matter of economy. No doubt it does help to draw out the goodness, as well as heightening the colour of the tea; but there can be no doubt that it is fatal to the fine flavour of the tea, and is indeed disagreeable to many people. It should, therefore, only be used when badly off for water; even then but a very small quantity should be put into the tea-pot, four or five grains being amply sufficient for a large pot of tea (this is about as much as would lie on the handle tip of an ordinary salt spoon). The soda should be put, dry, into the pot with the fresh tea.

II. *As to the kettle.* The kettle must be one that shuts closely, and is entirely free from fur, to prevent which, an oyster shell placed in the kettle is a

good plan, as it gathers to itself the earthy particles. When the kettle is done with it should be drained dry, and never allowed to stand with water left in it. Rinse it well before filling, then set it on the fire at once, and let it boil quickly.

III. *As to the teapot.* Many years ago there was a warm contest among scientific people, as to the best substance for teapots, and it being plain that the material itself could have no particular effect upon the tea, the question could only be decided by settling which substance kept the water hot the longest. From observation, it was always considered that metal teapots were best for that purpose; but the doctrine of the conducting powers of bodies, as understood at that time, was all in favour of earthenware, which, being a worse conductor than metal, was supposed to prevent in a greater degree the escape of heat. Theory, therefore, decided for the one, experience for the other. However, at this time a discovery was made by a Scotch professor which cast new light upon the subject. He ascertained that, although all heated substances throw off invisible rays of radiant heat, yet that the quantity projected depended far more upon the smoothness and roughness of the surface than upon the conducting power of the body, and that highly polished metal, although one of the best conductors of heat, was one of the worst radiators, metal not polished being a good radiator as well as conductor. Although earthenware, especially the black, unglazed kind, is a bad conductor, yet it is a better radiator than the polished metal, and consequently throws off more heat. Of course water cools much sooner in an earthenware teapot, particularly if not glazed, that in one of polished metal. Ever since this discovery, therefore, bright metal teapots are universally considered to be the most effectual in retaining the heat of the water, both theory and practice agreeing as to the substance best adapted for the making of the best tea. But it is essential that the metal teapot shall be kept bright; for, if not, it is worse than the earthenware, as it is the polish of the surface that so particularly acts in preventing the heat from escaping. But, on the other hand, it should be observed that if a second quantity of water is poured into the teapot, the metal one will give worse tea than the earthenware one, for the greater heat of the metal will so exhaust the tea at first, as to leave very little for the second infusion, whereas the lower temperature of the earthenware, by extracting only a small proportion at first, leaves some matter for the action of a subsequent infusion. When the teapot is of metal, the handle should be of wood or ivory, to keep it cool for the hand. In order that the teapot should pour well, it is absolutely necessary that the lid should not fit quite tight, or else that a small hole should be made in it. If the lid is perfectly tight and there is no perforation, the water cannot get out, as the air cannot enter to supply its place. The hole may easily be concealed by some ornament. In washing the teapot, never dip it in the water in which the tea things have been washed, but first remove the leaves, then fill the pot with boiling water; empty it, drain and wipe the inside with a perfectly clean, dry cloth, and leave the lid open, for if closed, in a few hours, the teapot is apt to become first damp and then musty. Immediately before making tea, fill the pot half full with boiling water, drain it quite dry, and let the tea be made while the pot is still quite hot. It should hold at least two more cups than the number of people who are to be supplied from it, one to allow for the bulk of the tea, the other to remain on the leaves, between each filling. If the tea is drained, the next filling is good for nothing. A larger teapot than absolutely necessary is no disadvantage, but the quantity of water should be well calculated. For example, if the teapot holds eight cups, and about nine cups are required, in the first making, let it be moderately full, after pouring out one round, add only as much water as two cups; this will supply the quantity required without waste.

IV. *As to the quantity* of tea to be used. The old rule of a spoonful for each person and one for the pot is as good as any. One ounce will make two quarts of good tea, not more, and the whole quantity should, of course, be put in at once; by adding a little and a little, the tea is not so well flavoured and does not go so far. Black tea is considered the most wholesome, but many people like a small quantity of green added to it.

V. *As to the making.* Having had the teapot warmed as before mentioned, see that the water in the kettle is boiling at the moment of making the tea, and not before. If kept boiling some minutes before making, or if it has ceased boiling and has to be boiled up again, the tea is never so well flavoured. The teapot may either be filled up at once or "brewed," when only a small quantity of water is put in at first, just enough to wet the leaves, and then allowed to stand two or three minutes before filling up. The latter mode draws all the goodness in the first filling, but the first is that generally adopted, as it is considered to preserve a uniform goodness throughout, and a more delicate flavour. The tea should never stand more than from five to ten minutes before pouring out. The old-fashioned plan of keeping the teapot standing on a woollen mat prevents the heat passing off, and for the same purpose the more modern tea-cosy is generally adopted. When much tea is required, it is best to have two teapots instead of two drawings. In an old book of household management, the following method of making tea is mentioned as that of a foreigner: "Put the tea into a kettle with cold water, cover it close, set it on a fire, and make it nearly, but not quite, boil; then take it from the fire; when the leaves sink it is ready." We should fancy not many tea-drinkers of the present day have ever taken a cup prepared in this fashion.

Finally, cream is a great improvement to tea, and when cream and sugar are taken, they mingle more smoothly and pleasantly if put first in the cup and then the tea poured upon them.

A PRETTY AND EASY-WASHING SKIRT.

FOR many seasons past, the summer has been a time of torment to those who enjoy the luxury of washing-dresses, but who do not like the bills for laundry-work, which that luxury entails. A cotton dress, which costs half-a-crown for each "getting up," becomes quite as expensive as a silk one before the summer is over. Yet (with the exception of the rather dowdy housemaid skirts) the dresses for warm weather have been quite beyond the skill of the home laundress, unless she had a little knowledge of home dressmaking, too; sufficient, perhaps, to take out the draperies and iron the pieces flat, and then to re-drape them. Still, even this was tiresome, and I have welcomed with delight, for my students, a style of skirt easy

to make, easy to wash, and easy to iron. Following the blouse, I want to offer you this easy and pretty skirt. I am giving it in washing material, because it is such a nice easy style for a washing dress. There is no troublesome foundation skirt to add to the difficulties of the perplexed laundress, and there are no tiresome draperies into the intricacies of which the iron will not be induced to enter, but there has been quite a number of these same skirts made of woollen material and braided at the bottom, or made of silk and exquisitely embroidered. The style is pretty and easy to make, and they will continue popular in all materials. To begin, measure how long you require your skirt—plain skirts should be rather long, so I would advise you to measure from the waist to the top of your toe; a longer skirt would not be cleanly for street wear. We will suppose this length is thirty-eight, which is a very usual size. You would then proceed to cut off a length of your print forty inches long, that is to say, two inches longer than the length required. Fold this in two down the length (selvedge to selvedge), and at one end from the fold, mark it seven inches wide, and at the other eleven inches wide. Cut from the eleven to the seven and open it, when you will have a front breadth fourteen inches wide at the top and twenty-two inches at the bottom.

Next cut off two more lengths of print, forty inches long (or the same length as the front one was cut), lay them face to face, and from the selvedge measure at the top ten inches, and at the bottom eighteen inches. Cut from the eighteen to the ten, and you will have two side gores, each ten inches wide at the top, and eighteen inches wide at the bottom; join the side gores on to the front one, beginning to join at the waist, machine them down and press the seam. You will find the front come out a little longer than the sides at the bottom—pare this morsel away. Next make sure that the sloped side of the side gores is not more than half an inch longer than the middle of the front breadth—if it is cut the surplus length from the bottom, sloping it away towards the front. Having done this, take a strip of stiff white muslin (victoria lawn) about six inches wide, lay it across the bottom and tack the print up over it about an inch deep; also tack the top of the muslin to the material. This stiff muslin is put in to make a solid bottom on which the ornamentation is to be put. The ornamentation may be as simple as three or five rows of machine stitching, or any thing like that; but the fashionable style is to get a bold braiding pattern, as large and open a one as possible, without fine scroll-work about it, transfer it to the bottom edge of the prepared front and side gores, and work it in bold chain or feather stitch. Use beaten thread or ingrain cotton, or knitting or crotchet cotton, and either a carpet needle or a darning needle, and let each stitch be quite a quarter of an inch long. It is very quick work, and the effect is very good; indeed at a little distance it looks like braiding, and saves that skimped, flabby look which plain skirts always have when they have no bottom trimming. When the stitching is done, line up the bottom (and so cover the back of the stitching) with a piece more of the print. You may machine it on, as the fancy-work carries the eye away from the machining, and it does not look bad.

After the bottom is lined, it should be nicely pressed from the back, a damp cloth being laid over all, and the ironing done upon it. It is surprising to see how much this pressing from the back improves the appearance of the work, which gets to look rubbed and handled in the making. It lays it smooth and firm, and straightens it out wonderfully. I want to impress this upon you, as I know that amateurs will never use an iron if they can avoid it, and only an expert knows how much good ironing improves even the best work.

Next prepare the back drapery. Cut two lengths of print two inches longer than the front ones were cut; thus if you cut them forty inches long, those for the back would need to be at least forty-two long. Join the two lengths together and press the seam, then put a two-inch-deep hem on the bottom and press it also. This piece is the back drapery. Join it on to the side gores of the embroidered front, beginning at the bottom and letting the surplus length of the back come up to the top. Don't forget to leave the place for the pocket, and also for the placket opening. The pocket-opening should be at the right hand side, about four inches down from the waist; it should be about five or six inches long. The placket space may either be at the left hand side or in the centre of the back, and should be about eight inches long. If it is in the centre of the back, take care to make it hook well over, or it will gape and show the skirts beneath. Next make a belt the size of your waist, using white belting and furnishing it with three hooks and eyes. Turn in the top of the skirt an even half-inch all the way round, and then gather the top of the two widths which were put in for the back into a space of about four inches. Sew this firmly to four inches of the belt, and then sew the remainder of the waist of the dress into the remainder of the belt. If you hold the dress towards you, and the belt away from you, and hold it over your finger, fulling the material in as you go, you will find the quantity go nicely into the belt, and the fulness will not show at all when the skirt is on. Now, as to the surplus length of the back, which is hanging over the sides rather ungracefully so far. The centre of the back is the right length if you wear a cushion, as of course I suppose you do; still, if it is not secured in some way it will "pour" away to the sides and leave the centre of the back plain, just as the old housemaid skirts used to "pour" away from the crinolettes. To remedy this, get a piece of tape ten inches long and put it across from one side-seam to the other, about six inches below the waist, and catch the material of the back to it with small stitches between the folds. The extra length of the sides of the back can also be pushed up above the tape, and a stitch or two put in to keep it there, when the surplus will fall over as a drapery. If you know how to make burnous loops (I cannot explain them without diagrams), this back can be put on in five loops, and each one caught up to the tape. When this is done the skirt is completed; and, in fawn, worked with white or brown, blue, with darker blue, pink, with red, etc., it leaves nothing to be desired in point of gracefulness or stylishness.

J. E. Davis,
Ladies' Work Classes, Technical School,
Manchester.

DRESS AND DRESSMAKING.

This year some of the nicest and prettiest materials have been prepared for warm weather. A great many cottons are finished by the same process as Pongee silks, and printed with similar patterns, and really repay being made up with a little cream or écru lace, and being kept clean as long as possible, for the beautiful soft finish vanishes at the first contact with soap and water. These cottons are not very expensive, and vary from 6¾d. to 10d. a yard. Very pretty muslins are also being made; the newest are called *mousselines d'Inde,* and are very soft and nice, and printed all over with graceful and natural designs. Lilac, the old-fashioned kind of lilac that cannot be called mauve, is much used in this year's muslins; and a lilac and white stripe with a small all-over pattern on the white makes as nice and stylish a summer gown as any middle class woman can desire for fête, bazaar, or garden party, and if worn with a neat little bonnet or hat trimmed with lilac to match, it is quite perfect. Here, however, we must just hint that the pretty Persian lilac soon fades, and that white lilac, which is very fashionable, lasts much longer and goes with everything. The pretty little bonnet shown at the beginning of this article is made of grey chip, lined with black velvet, and trimmed with a mixture of grey and salmon pink ribbons. Chip is only worth purchasing when dyed a decided colour, as in white it very readily burns, one may say scorches, under the heat of the sun, and a good straw is much more economical though not quite so dainty-looking as chip. A great many bonnets are made of black lace, the foundation being of drawn black net, and the trimming large rosettes of *bébé* ribbon mixed with lace, while the strings are lace and have this same narrow ribbon threaded in them. They ought properly to be fastened by a little brooch or pin made on purpose; but these lace strings or streamers get shabby very soon, and ribbon is much more useful, and looks brighter, for the lace soon looks shabby under the influence of damp or rain.

We give a drawing of a fashionable dress which looks well in a plain zephyr with white braiding on the yoke piece and collar, and also on the waistband and cuffs, and the panel. It is very effective, and has been made in this style by some of the best London houses. It is also made up with white Swiss embroidery which is very cheap for the panel, and a narrow edging of the same to the yoke and cuffs. This pattern made in a plain or striped flannelette makes a very nice tennis dress, and young mothers find summer dresses of this material very useful and economical.

Many little mantles are being worn just over the shoulders, and there is a whisper that scarves will be seen in the near future, straight plain ones, such as used to be worn with the style of dress that is now in vogue, and which may be characterised as the fashion of 1835, or even earlier.

A lady has invented the new summer boa, as an extra wrap; it is simplicity itself in idea, being composed of loops of soft white wool, but so light in appearance that it may be mistaken for a rare ostrich feather. These boas can be purchased for half-a-guinea apiece, and will be found a most useful addition to any lady's toilette. Puffed sleeves are very much liked, and many of them are one deep puff reaching from the shoulder to below the elbow, and are met by a deep cuff of stiffer material. There is also a notion most useful to people who have two short lengths of different materials, or who are bent on making up the best parts of two worn garments into one new one. This is the taste for having sleeves of a different material from the rest of the dress, but harmonising in some way. For instance, fawn delaine with a dark brown, or blue, or maroon pattern printed on it may have a ruche or pinked out frills round the bottom of the skirt of that darker colour in silk or woollen, or even in velvet, and the pointed waistband and sleeves entirely of the same material. It is almost impossible to have pockets in the very scanty skirts that seem essential to this style of dress, and therefore bags, real old-fashioned bags of silk, or plush, or velvet lined with a colour and made with a deep beading and ribbon strings are to be seen in almost every shop, whether a draper's or one devoted to knicknacks.

Bodices are now very seldom made quite plain, but either easy on the shoulders and drawn full into the waist, or made with folds coming from each shoulder and crossing one another at the waist under the sash or band. As for sashes of moiré silk or ribbon, they seem the universal adjuncts to cashmere and delaine dresses with straight skirts, and seem to be oftener used in black or white than in the self colour of the dress. Pale colours look very well with white ones, especially if the dress has a white front and cuffs to match, which is not very extravagant as the bodice, sleeves, etc., are complete underneath, and the little adjuncts are made to hook on, so that they are removable indoors. Black has the advantage of being available for several dresses.

Pattern of bodice and sleeves of the dress sketched may be had by enclosing 9d. in stamps to M.C., at the office of the "Mothers' Companion."